

Songs of Peace and War



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A. H. ROWLAND



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SONGS OF PEACE AND WAR.

SONGS
OF
PEACE AND WAR

BY
A. H. ROWLAND.

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PART I.

SONGS OF PEACE AND WAR.

INTERLUDE.

Arm ! arm Natalians for the fray,
The foes apace advance ;
They come in battle's dread array,
A tyrant's mad caprice obey,
And scorn with arrogant display
The cannon and the lance.

The olive branch of peace they scout,
We offered all in vain ;
They swarm our borders round about,
Aggressive now, and now devout,
The war song and the hymn they shout
Across the lurid plain.

Flushed with success of bygone days,
Forlorn their hopes will be ;
What time the lyddite round them plays,
The British line the word obeys
And charge old Scotland's gallant Greys
Once more to victory !

Outnumbered far, White's hero band
 Defensive now remains ;
 Surrounded deep on every hand
 The dauntless troops devoted stand,
 And send a thrill thro' every land
 That honour still contains.

Leviathans upon the wave,
 Our legions vast convey ;
 The stern battalions, strong to save,
 The sons that Greater England gave,
 A mighty phalanx of the brave,
 And who shall say them nay ?

Our quarrel just, anon short space,
 The world our might shall see ;
 We fight corruption to displace
 For equal rights 'twixt race and race,
 Ye braves who go the foe to face
 Strike home for liberty !

THE REPLY OF TOMMY ATKINS.

Our thanks to you, Sir Bard,
 With one accord we yield ;
 A soldier's life is hard
 Upon the battlefield ;
 But proud he feels amid the strife, to find
 Old England guards the loved ones left behind.

Your title we deride ;
Upon our slender pay
Not much can we provide,
But yet make bold to say,
We go to fight with fearless hearts and true,
The rest we leave in confidence to you.

And when the hills we scale,
Cloud capped in wreaths of smoke,
We glory to prevail— .
For you we deal the stroke :
Not absent-minded do you deem us then ;
What would you do without your fighting men ?

Or, when we stand at bay
With gallant White's command,
We fret not at delay,
But fail to understand
The calculations of the master mind
That sent the men, but left the guns behind.

Not unto us the shame,
If doomed anon to beg ;
The sacrifice to name,
An eye, an arm, a leg !
Enough should be his welfare to ensure,
Who bled to make his country's rule secure.

At duty's trumpet-call
We left old England's shore,
Afar, perchance to fall
And see our homes no more ;

The deadly hail may lay us low, but *yet*,
While life remains, we faint not, nor forget.

MAGERSFONTEIN.

Farewell ! the brave that lie
On Magersfontein's plain,
The pride of Scotland's infantry,
By unseen foemen slain;

The mournful dirge rings out the loud lament,
They hear those pipes no more, their bold careers
are spent.

With unabated breath,
The Highlanders' brigade,
In quarter column, marched to death
As though upon parade ;

Brave Wauchope led the troops he loved so well,
And foremost to the fight, with sword in hand he
fell.

Out flashed the deadly hail
From fatal ambuscade ;
No native daring could avail,
No warning lent its aid.

Surprised, aghast ! in prime of life they fell,
No more again to see the land they loved so well.

O hapless comrades slain !

O tragic destiny !

We hoped to see you soon again,

Nor thought you thus would die.

Lo ! when the great reveille rends the skies,
In honour clad forthwith, shall Scotland's heroes
rise.

Afar, brave Wauchope sleeps,

Within a soldier's grave ;

A proud companionship he keeps,

Bold leader of the brave !

And tears did flow, and hearts were full and sore,
When loud the pipes wailed forth, " Lochaber is
no more."

BOBS.

He comes to lead us on,

Our foremost captain he,

Seated his bold war horse upon

The flower of chivalry ;

Each soldier heart with strong devotion throbs

And wells with martial pride to serve the gallant

Bobs.

He comes ! the soldiers' friend,
 Unsheathes the sword again ;
 The troops that on his word attend
 Shall thunder o'er the plain,
 Like as they thundered in the days of yore,
 Scorning the fire-swept zone, the dreadful cannons'
 roar.

He comes to lead anew,
 Our brave and grand old man,
 Whose pennon bright triumphant flew
 O'er wild Afghanistan ;
 He comes to plant the standard of the Free
 Upon the blood-stained veldt, the flag of victory.

He mourns a hero son,
 But curbs a father's woe ;
 He moves ! he strikes ! the field is won
 And vanquished is the foe ;
 Relief and conquest mark his martial sway,
 Investing foes outspan, and flee like clouds away.

PAARDEBERG.

Hail ! to the foremost in the fight
 On Paardeberg's red field,
 Who braved the terrors of the night
 When Cronje's doom was sealed ;
 And wiped for evermore away
 The stigma of Majuba day.

Brave sons of Canada all hail !
Who wrought the stirring deed ;
And chased the foe o'er hill and vale
Strong in the hour of need ;
Brothers in arms ! who crossed the seas
And brought bold Cronje to his knees,

That noble work henceforth shall be
Emblazoned on the page
That hands our nation's history
Undimmed from age to age.
Long as the Empire's ensign flies,
Posterity that tale shall prize.

With phantom step you crept
Along the dark ravine ;
There evermore had slept
Had Luna lent her sheen ;
But not a sound alarmed the foe,
So soon their certain fate to know.

Until with rattling sound
A shot the warning gave ;
When instantly upon the ground
With silence of the grave
You lay, what time a hail of lead
Whistled in fury overhead.

Then sacks of earth were piled,
And cover thus obtained ;
Entrenched apace you sat and smiled,
The victory was gained ;
Lo ! at the dawn, unwonted view
The white flag of surrender flew.

Forthwith brave Cronje rode
Submission meek to make,
Downcast a sorry nag bestrode ;
But with a warm hand shake
The great Field Marshal praised his foe,
Who knew such sterling grit to show.

Hail 'comrades of the veldt !
Together long we fought,
The rigours of the battle felt,
And wond'ring nations taught,
Though scattered wide, one race are we,
In conscious strength and loyalty.

Our love across the trackless wave
Attends you on your way ;
For auld lang syne, farewell ye brave !
With heart and voice we say,
God bless " Our Lady of the Snows "
With Honour, Freedom, and Repose.

THE SIEGE OF MAFEKING.

'Tis dark October's fatal day,
 Of ominous alarms ;
Anon, the mystic wires convey
 The stirring call "to arms."

Lo ! Kruger casts the dreadful die,
 His ultimatum hurls ;
Receives Great Britain's stern reply,
 And war's red flag unfurls.

Night falls on distant Mafeking,
 But now farewell repose !
Lo ! plans are made, and anvils ring
 Beneath resounding blows.

The sentinels are out, within
 The prospects are discussed ;
Hostilities with day begin,
 And Britain's cause is just.

They come ! in dark clouds gathering fast,
 Rough warriors of the veldt !
The dark commandoes come at last !
 And blows must now be dealt.

A firm resolve inspires us all,
And scarce a woman weeps ;
For he is here whom still they call
“The wolf that never sleeps.”

Tireless, as brave, renowned afar,
Devoid of vain pretext ;
One day the battle’s guiding star,
The children’s joy the next.

Nor Cronje’s wiles nor threats we fear,
Bombardment or attack ;
No stratagems play havoc here,
They must be driven back.

Despite incessant cannonade,
The fire-proof shelters stand ;
And not a soul is e’en dismayed,
And not unnerved a hand.

• See ! almost unconcerned meanwhile,
Friends gather in the town ;
Work, buy, and sell, aye, even smile
At Cronje’s fell renown.

The passing hours they thus employ,
But O, what joy to meet !
When Baden-Powell like a boy,
Goes whistling down the street !

His is the schoolboy's ready wit,
Amusement to provoke ;
To him, no season is unfit
To perpetrate a joke.

But hark ! the loud alarm resounds,
Its warning all obey ;
Avoid the shell in safety's bounds,
Then pass upon their way.

Still wide encircled by the foe,
Their legions we repel ;
And deeply trust, but long to know,
Elsewhere, that all is well.

* * * * *

So much was known, and weeks were spent,
Amid profound suspense ;
A thrill throughout the Empire went,
At Mafeking's defence.

But darker days our country tried,
Disasters came apace ;
And vast battalions were supplied,
The chosen of our race.

Our foremost captain, too, we sent,
Who turned the night to day ;
To save a nation, forth he went,
And crowned Majuba day.

Meanwhile, the brave of Mafeking,
 Stood firm, defiant still;
Of them, 'tis passing sweet to sing,
 The men of iron will.

Lo! when the scourge of Potchefstroom
 Rode off with troubled brow,
Grim Snyman swore to work their doom,
 Nor did he scruple how.

With wholesome dread of Powell's might,
 He vowed he plainly saw
The Colonel in his camp by night,—
 And spoke his name with awe.

But visions fled with morning suns,
 And he, when fears were spent,
On women's quarters trained his guns
 In fiendish merriment.

And helpless women thus were slain,
 And children at the breast;
Poor victims sacrificed in vain,
 At ruffian behest.

This was the hardest blow prepared;
 And at the deep grave side
The sobs of stalwart men declared
 The needless deaths they died.

And weeks passed on, and months went by,
“How long, O Lord!” they cried;
And gallant Plumer hovered nigh,
Too weak to turn the tide.

A thrilling message now passed through
From Britain’s noble chief,
Who loves an Empire’s work to do,
A promise of relief.

And news arrived of Cronje’s fate,
That Kimberley was free!
Then Roberts’ praise was sung with great
Glad songs of victory.

But soon the warning signal rang
That kept the town informed,
Determined foes with clash and clang
The western ramparts stormed.

Bold Eloff came at break of day
With resolute design,
Pierced the defence in gallant way,
And said, “The town is mine.”

He flashed the news to Powell straight
With unrestrained delight;
It found the Colonel calm as fate—
Controller of the fight.

A few commands were briefly sent,
The dangers all were met ;
The master hand repaired the rent,
And tighter drew the net.

Exultant still the burghers fought,
Too well they held their ground ;
Supports were routed, they were caught—
The British fenced them round.

All day they struggled, night was nigh ;
Such lot who could withstand ?
In their forlorn extremity
Death lurked on every hand.

Surrender came, but not disgrace ;
Arms piled, they fell in line ;
Captive, met Powell face to face
He ordered them—to dine.

O Baden-Powell ! acts like thine
Soften the hardest foes ;
O'er war's red plains resplendent shine
And mitigate its woes.

Five days had scarcely passed and lo !
Mahon drew swiftly nigh ;
With Plumer fell upon the foe
They stand—they break, they fly !!

Out poured the long invested host
With loud triumphant shout ;
Where now was Snyman's famous boast ?
Lost in the final rout.

Then hand joined hand, and cheer on cheer
Resounded o'er the plain ;
And news was told of parents dear,
And brothers met again.

In London streets and o'er the seas
Vast millions lost their heads ;
Danced in delicious ecstacies
And e'en forsook their beds.

Homes long were decked with flowers of Spring,
And flags were waved on high ;
Tribute to gallant Mafeking
Whose deeds shall never die.

ELANDS RIVER.

Heroes of Elands River ! from afar
We hail the deed that echoes o'er the veldt ;
All unsurpassed your prowess in the war,
Prowess that worthy foes have seen and felt ;
Accept the heartfelt gratitude we send
Brothers in arms !
'Mid war's alarms
Strong in attack, and mighty to defend.

Oft shall we tell how firm you stood at bay,
Four hundred men, resolved to do or die ;
Bold Carrington repulsed, to our dismay,
But nerved your hearts in dire extremity ;
Heroic sons ! your boast was not in vain,
 “ Faithful to death
 While we have breath
No pale white flag shall float o'er Brakfontein.”

Tremendous odds pressed on the stern attack,
Six guns were trained upon you night and day,
But deep you dug the shelters, giving back
A deadly hail in that momentous fray ;
Shades of departed heroes ! not amiss
 When tales are told
 Of deeds of old
In pride of heart, henceforth we contrast this.

Invested and athirst, undaunted still,
Amid your wounded comrades and the dead,
There was displayed indomitable will,
And nations wondered how ye fought and bled ;
Despite the jamming of an only gun
 And Arnet's fall,
 Proved heroes all !
For ten long days you nobly fought and won.

Let Broadwood tell, how, when the siege was raised

At his approach, he rode the lines between,
And at the sight was awe-struck and amazed;

Hail ! gallant soldiers of the great white Queen !
Immortal band that gilds the darksome hour !

Able and strong

To right the wrong

An Empire guard, or break a despot's power.

TALLY-HO !

Tally-ho ! tally-ho ! for the front,

Gallant yeomen prepare for the fray !

Put aside all the trappings and pride of the hunt,

Duty calls, and we scorn to delay ;

On the veldt we shall gather to combat the foe,

So farewell the green fields ! tally-ho ! tally-ho !!

From the shires they respond with a will,

Sally forth from the counties apace,

For their comrades in peril right instincts instil

To strike home for their Sovereign and race ;

Of their prowess in battle the raiders shall know

When they hear the renowned tally-ho ! tally-ho !!

They are marshalled to join in the strife,
They are hunting the Boer in his lair,
And all banished awhile are the pleasures of
life,
Counting nothing than honour more fair;
In the chase or the struggle, wherever they go,
By their deeds they are known, tally-ho! tally-
ho!!

Gallant sons of Old England! all hail!
Stalwart hearts from the farm or the hall!
In fair Freedom's great cause ye are strong to
prevail,
And enshrined are the heroes who fall,
In the records that tell how they died to bestow
Equal rights on the veldt, tally-ho! tally-ho!!

And whatever the future may bring
With such valiant sons in the land,
We shall faint not nor fear, if alarm bells ring
And re-echoes the stirring command
“Boot and saddle,” ah! then when the bugle
doth blow,
Shall resound the response tally-ho! tally-ho!!

ITALA.

Sing of Itala's fight,
 Of Chapman's gallant stand,
When battle raged throughout the night,
 Around that hero band ;
No morning sun at break of day,
Saluted braver men than they.

At dreadful odds they fought,
 For honour and for life ;
A lesson stern their foemen taught,
 And triumphed in the strife ;
Scorning the ceaseless rain of lead
That laid full many a comrade dead.

Exchanging shot for shot,
 Itala's fort they crowned,
A consecrated spot
 O'er all the wilds around ;
That tells how Britons overcame
And won imperishable fame.

Yea, of those heroes sing,
 Nor grudge the meed of praise
To rugged foes, who blindly cling
 To hopes of bygone days ;
Of domination far and near,
When none would dare to interfere.

Yet must the tale be told
Of harmless natives slain,
Of wounded soldiers stripped and cold
Upon the battle plain ;
Aghast ! we note their mute appeal,
And long due chastisement to deal.

Beneath one flag, ere long,
Shall flourish Truth and Right ;
Rifles no more protect the wrong—
For one great cause we fight ;
The tyrannies of old must cease,
Then hail ! the morning star of peace.

BULLER.

Buller farewell ! but ere you go
The records of past service plead,
And not in vain, that we bestow
Our heartfelt thanks indeed.

In days of old no carpet knight,
Thou didst in war's red toil appear ;
But seemed to revel in the fight
And hold the dangers dear.

Our savage foes amid the fray
Thy prowess and devotion saw ;
And we recall in this our day
Those gallant deeds of war.

But years of obsolete routine

Have taught thee nothing of that skill
While others garnered, who have been
Content alone to learn, who still

With modern tactics keep abreast,

And know each unit on the field ;
When each advantage must be pressed,
Or movements well concealed.

The vast expanse, the snow-capp'd hills,

The deep defiles, proclaim the spot
Where tribal wars that skill instils

Which men but lose at Aldershot.

The land that tutored Wellington,

That nurtured Roberts from a boy,
Wherein men learn how fields are won,
How complex armies to employ.

That land of thrilling enterprise,

Of stern alarms across the sea,
Encanopied by eastern skies,
Alas ! was all unknown to thee.

Yet fare thee well ! a long farewell !

The system, not the man, we blame ;
In peace where joys Devonian dwell,
No discords there the mind inflame.

PRETORIA.

The stern commandoes left by night,
With martial shouts to join the fight,

At his decree;

Who hurled defiance rooted fast
At Britain's race determined, vast
Across the sea.

Assembled crowds with loud applause,
With boundless faith in Kruger's cause,

The scene surveyed;

And blessed their braves who forward went
To meet the foe with firm intent,
And unafraid.

They saw their warriors disappear,
And here and there a glistening tear

The tale did tell,

Of deep emotions that betray
The fears of all who have to say
A sad farewell.

Day after day would they return,
The fortunes of the war to learn,

As news was told;

Discussed the triumphs of the field,
And all the grand resource revealed
By burghers bold.

Delight supreme they deeply felt,
At tales of conquest on the veldt,
 And Britain's woe,
When Symons like a hero died :
And Ladysmith encompassed wide,
 Was bliss to know.

And when the straggling khaki line
Disarmed appeared, like gift divine,
 Upon their view ;
Pretorian homes re-echoed long
With lusty and triumphant song,
 In honour due.

Then Kruger beamed upon his stoep,
The central figure of a group
 That viewed the scene ;
The captives, though with thoughts acute,
Returned the agéd chief's salute
 With grave mien.

The God of battles seemed to smile,
And pour His blessings down awhile,
 With lavish hand ; .
As on the allied forces pressed
The British strongholds to invest,
 And seize their land.

Anon they scoffed at Buller's boast,
Arrested thrice his stalwart host,
 And drove them back :
And Magersfontein's deadly hail
Transformed to Slogan's bitter wail
 The fierce attack.

Despite reverses in the field,
Yet still these strongholds scorned to yield,
 But wide unfurled
Fluttered the British flag on high,
From Mafeking to Kimberley,
 Before the world.

The dauntless White, with grand' defence,
Relieved Old England's keen suspense,
 As day by day
He braved the siege, and long defied
Prolonged assaults on every side
 Without dismay.

Nor knew he close invested there
Of Buller's premature despair
 And tactics vain ;
Enough for him the foe to face
With all the valour of his race
 On battle's plain.

Lo ! Lombard's top and Wagon Hill
Stand monuments to-day, and still
Shall there reveal,
When we are numbered with the dead,
How British heroes fought and bled
For Britain's weal.

Meanwhile from England's distant shore
Ship after ship the legions bore,
And leaders tried ;
Lord Roberts landed, famed afar,
Alike in council as in war,
His country's pride.

With ready skill his plans were made,
The troops unbounded zeal displayed
When him they saw ;
For well they knew the battle's roar
Had seen his triumphs oft before
As lord of war.

With tireless French, alert and grave,
And Hunter, resolute and brave,
And staff complete,
The khaki columns moved away,
Equipped and eager for the fray
The foe to meet.

Then Kitchener, with purpose true,
The transport organised anew,
 And joined the van ;
What time rang out the signal clear,
A long responsive British cheer
 From man to man.

Full soon Pretorian homes were sad,
A pallor strange rough faces had,
 And tears were shed ;
The great flood tide of rude success
Had turned indeed, and deep distress
 Now reigned instead.

And days elapsed, and women wept
As bitter news was secret kept
 And fears were rife ;
Old men and boys were commandeered
With rifles armed, then disappeared
 To join the strife.

Around their camp fires lurid lights
The Kaffirs told of wondrous fights
 And danced with glee ;
Because deep-rooted wrongs they felt
Towards the tyrants of the veldt,
 And longed to be

Allowed to strike on Britain's side,
And spread confusion far and wide
 And woes accursed ;
Amazed at Lagden's firm command
They kept the borders of their land
 For blood athirst.

Then Kruger sought the battle field
Authority supreme to wield
 But all in vain ;
He saw the bold avenging race
Scatter his braves before his face
 And sweep the plain.

And still before the Volksraad met
A mournful host with faces met
 A stricken crowd ;
For kinsmen slain and honour fled,
Humiiliated now instead,
 They wept aloud.

So Kruger in hot haste returned,
Convinced at last, and now concerned
 For all his gold ;
His faithful spouse and simple home
He left—his blessing—far to roam
 With wealth untold.

But as he went, with iron grip
He forced on all his worthless scrip,
 And took their store
Of cash reserved by frugal care,
Then fled—resolved their toils to share
 Again no more.

Now chaos reigned ; where hopes were high
The tireless horsemen thundered by
 In squadrons wide ;
And when the gallant French had passed
Appeared the brown battalion vast
 Old England's pride.

There marched an Empire's hope indeed
Brothers in danger's hour of need
 At Duty's call ;
Worthy in peace or war to bear
A nation's work, to do and dare,
 What e'er befall.

Lord Roberts then with honour due
His army led in grand review,
 And cannon roared ;
The news was flashed that all might know
Of Britain's conquest of the foe
 By blood outpoured.

What though guerilla warfare may
The final peace awhile delay,
 Their doom is sealed,
Who civil rights denied with scorn
To honest men, but passion torn
 To arms appealed.

Meanwhile the Boers in terror flee
Corruption's home, too late they see
 The dreadful cost;
The tears of woe bathe bloodshot eyes
The Rooineks' flag triumphant flies
 And all is lost.

R.A.M.C.

Brave sons on mercy bent !
A hallowed war you wage,
On pain and anguish boldly spent
 Where armies vast engage ;
When cannon shake the firmament
 And burning passions rage.

Most honoured task of all
 To you is there assigned,
Where blows are dealt beyond recall
 And woes their victims find ;
Where men, like leaves of Autumn, fall
 Before the boist'rous wind.

The raptures of the fray
To soldier hearts appeal,
In battle's bullet-swept array
Flash forth the lines of steel ;
The crash, the fortunes of the day,
Their varied hopes reveal.

We then your worth acclaim,
Whose deeds resplendent shine ;
When soldiers, proud of deathless fame,
With shattered limbs recline,
You bring them forth in Mercy's name
From out the fighting line.

Anon with tender grace,
To others' gentle care,
Who nurse in safety at the base,
You hand them, and repair
The dreadful zone of death to face,
Perchance its woes to share.

Amid the shot and shell
The wounded thus you seek :
They prize your ministrations well
When stricken sore and weak ;
With grateful hearts your deeds they tell,
Whereof we love to speak.

DE WET.

Like a spirit o'er the field
Rides De Wet ;
Scorning still his arms to yield,
Bold De Wet ;
Born to play a leader's part,
Struggling on tho' sick at heart,
Oft with meteoric dart
Strikes De Wet.

Now and then his force we sight
On the plain ;
When ensues a running fight,
Still in vain ;
Yet with instinct rare and true
He at length is lost to view—
Fled—the conflict to renew
Soon again.

Soldiers bold with varied skill
Spread the net ;
Through the toils defiant still
Breaks De Wet ;
Stock and ammunition shed,
Like a phantom he is fled,
But avengers of the dead
Shall be met.

Lo ! his great resource and fire,
 Unsurpassed,
We unfeignedly admire,
 Yet aghast !
For dark blots besmear his fame ;
Now he plays a bandit's game,
Ruthless murders stain his name
 At the last.

Though the sun of that fierce man
 Scorches yet ;
Past is its meridian—
 Soon to set,
Cain's great curse is on his brow,
And with sorrow we avow
A halter should be waiting now
 For De Wet.

THE HEROES OF THE FLEET

Your praise with pride we sing
 Ye naval heroes all !
And hail the burning zeal you bring
 At Duty's trumpet call,
In times of stress to Britain's aid ;
Wherever dangers lurk you triumph undismayed.

Your deeds afloat, ashore,
No monuments require ;
Your prowess in the battles' roar
Shines forth with glowing fire :
The flavour of the rolling seas
Your dauntless hearts possess, companions of
the breeze !

On China's arid plains
New chapters are impressed :
And Ladysmith no less contains
The records that attest
Your handiwork that succour brought,
What time at dreadful odds the British soldiers
fought.

The bold attack you led
On Graspan's fiery field ;
Like veterans you fought and bled
Sublime resource revealed ;
Midshipmen, nurslings of the sea
The grand assault inspired, our Nelsons yet to be.

Stout hearts for ever true !
In torrid climes or cold,
An Empire's trust is safe with you ;
Your squadrons we behold
The guarantees of Freedom's home
That fly the British flag, and navigate the foam.

No demarcations vain
 Restrict your heritage ;
Your home is on the boundless main
 Though storms or battles rage ;
Ride on ! that all the world may know
Britannia works for peace, but fears no mortal foe.

SONNET.

THE
RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN,
M.P.,

Secretary of State for the Colonies.

Undaunted Son ! the stirring forum's pride,
Steadfast amid campaigns of calumny,
With bold orations ever soaring high
O'er rival statesmen ; scattering far and wide
Disruption's bitter host ; thy zeal supplied
A pressing want when Africa did cry
Aloud for Justice, and aloft did fly
The tyrant's flag that Britain's might defied.
Triumphant still thy labours we behold
That find in Federation sweet employ ;
Thine was the hand that joined the links of gold
Which callous envy laboured to destroy :
Long may thy works' enduring fruits unfold
And crown thy ripening years with peace and joy.

SONNET.

In Memoriam.

CECIL JOHN RHODES.

The man of Empire lies upon his bed
In peaceful slumber nevermore to rise,
Without display he uncomplaining dies,
His youthful dream well-nigh accomplishèd ;
His fine contempt for Fortune's vanities
Through life prevailed ; he prized his work instead,
And through prevailing mists he looked ahead,
Then, pressing onward, won the welcome prize.
In danger's hour his life he lightly held ;
He faced the Matabele with command
Of speech alone ; no less by zeal impelled
He scorned to flee the Boers' chastising hand,
Immovable when Kimberley was shelled ;
Behold the man who loved his native land !

SONNET.

TO THE COLONIAL PREMIERS.

Come to our councils from across the seas !
The words of brother nations thus to blend,
Where statesmen tried on high concerns attend ;
Come share the vast responsibilities
A timid few disdain to comprehend ;
You scorned to stoop foul treason to appease,
But rose resolved your nation to defend
With loyal zeal refreshing as the breeze.
The great dark clouds dispersed, that threatened
 long
Upon our dauntless legions scattered wide,
Lo ! rolling onward swells the triumph song,
Honour and valour flourish side by side ;
United ever to redress the wrong
May we henceforth in bonds of peace abide.

KHARTOUM.

'Tis morning, and the rival camps astir

Hail the approach of day that shall acclain
A victory for stalwart Kitchener,

Who wields the sabre not alone for fame,
But wages war in Mercy's sacred name;

Or else the triumph of a despot bold,
A record of disaster and of shame;

The scroll of fate shall presently unfold,
A battle must ensue worthy the days of old.

The signal comes, " Prepare to meet the foe."

The Khàlifa is marching to the fight,
In battle stern his boasted power to show;
Nor recks he of defeat, nor dreams of flight.
Swift as a thought, a countless host in sight,

Advance with songs of war and glist'ning spears,
The Sirdar waits, all conscious of his might,
Surveys his force that ready all appears—
Lo! on their conduct rests the hope of future years.

What tribes have trembled at Abdullah's name?

The man of blood and tyrant without pèer
Who toiled to make the Mahdi's wondrous fame,
And made his title of succession clear
By spreading desolation far and near;

Lo! now he comes his Nemesis to meet,
Who loves to slaughter as a pastime dear;
His bold fanatics loud the war-drums beat,
His Baggaras advance on arabs tried and fleet.

The conflict opens with the cannons' roar,
The chargers sniff the battle, paw the ground,
And charge again as oft they charged before,
Scorning the shafts of death that fall around ;
The gathering tumults of the strife resound,
Lee-Metfords now outpour a deadly hail,
The stern machine guns, too, the range have found ;
Yet still the foe advances to assail,
And calls on Allah's name still trusting to prevail.

Their ranks are thinned, in hundreds fast they fall,
The battle flags the Emirs proudly wave,
The great black standard rising over all
In dismal folds, that they will die to save ;
Wherefore comes not El Mahdi from the grave ?
Alas ! too late to reason, unsurpassed
In reckless valour onward still, the brave
Charge the superior foe in strength amassed,
And falling, shake their spears, defiant to the last.

O children of the desert strong and wild !
In vain for you the prophet's fatal cause,
Slaves of a tyranny by blood defiled,
Inured to strife, ye revelled in the wars.
No more for you the Khâlifa's applause,
The victor's song fanatic fires to fan ;
The hour of Retribution quickly draws
Death's gloomy shadows to the great Soudan ;
Apace they close around the plains of Omdurman.

The crisis comes, they waver on the field

And now retreat before the deadly fire,
Intent to stand again but not to yield

Although alarmed at their condition dire ;
Shall Allah tread his warriors in the mire ?

What legions now are stretched the plain upon ?
Enough to glut a Khalifa's desire !

Lo ! ere the morning sun to noon has gone
The Sirdar gives the word " Advance in echelon."

Anon there comes a terrible suspense,

The Emir's call to rally is obeyed ;
They rush to pierce Macdonald's fine defence

Unmindful of the deadly fusilade ;
Firm stand the black battalion undismayed

Before their old and deadly enemies ;
No longer now they own themselves afraid,

But conquer, and the world their valour sees,
Hail comrades of the field, the gallant Soudanese !

Such the result of wholesome discipline

When thus Egyptians who in days gone by,
In terror fled before the distant din

Of dreaded battle, think no more to fly ;
Who unashamed deserted Arabi !

Him Wolseley overthrew at break of day.
We hailed the deed and now we wonder why !

Our loss explained how well they ran away,
But now they, too, can fight well worthy of the
fray.

The field is won, the Khâlifa is fled

And freedom reigns unfettered yet once more ;
Our thanks to him who planned and nobly led

The troops to action ; to the ranks that bore
The brunt of strife our honour to restore.

They now may take a rest and slake their thirst,
The wounded tend or fallen friends deplore ;

Amid the conflict ere the foe dispersed
Spellbound we saw that charge, O gallant Twenty-
first.

“ The Nile is Egypt—Egypt is the Nile ”

Well wrote a writer in his magazine ;
We meditate upon his words awhile

And contrast what is now with what has been,
The British gunboats all alert are seen

Beyond Fashoda where the waters meet ;
A little space of time shall intervene
Before the flood shall bear a merchant fleet,
The railroad from the Cape shall make the work
complete.

And thou Khartoum ! dread city of the plain !

What memories cling around thy fatal name ?
We feel less pain to mention it again

Because 'tis linked with Gordon's deathless fame.
Alone at Duty's call he boldly came,

And where he fell a school we soon shall raise,
Where native children shall instruction claim

And learn the arts of peace ; and love to praise
The martyrdom that lends the light of ancient days.

Avenged is Gordon ; yea avenged but yet
 Not by red slaughter on the desert plain,
 Where Dervish hosts the Sirdar bravely met
 And carnage willed their legions to be slain ;
 Dauntless their native courage, but in vain !

For Justice claimed the battle as its own ;
 A sacrifice to Freedom's priceless gain ;
 Yet Pity wept to see the brave o'erthrown
 Born warriors they lived, and died without a
 groan.

Lo ! where the Christian martyr met his fate
 Betrayed, but uncomplainingly the while,
 His spirit cheers the pilgrim at the gate,
 The spirit of a man who knew no guile :
 So may it seem approval sweet to smile
 Where commerce all around its prize bestows ;
 Where Britain guards the passage of the Nile,
 And enterprise that such protection knows
 Shall make the desert waste to blossom as the
 rose.

TO COLONEL WILLCOCKS.

Amid the jungle wilds you boldly went,
 The fever-laden swamps on every hand
 Dismayed you {not ; apace and confident
 Your gallant troops obeyed the stern command

Afar we heard your perilous design
To pierce the forest, fighting night and day ;
Nor unconcerned when summer suns did shine
We conjured up your trials on the way.

The wily foe in deadly ambuscade
In vain prepared your march to intercept ;
No unforeseen contingencies delayed,
Like slaves you laboured on, and lightly slept.

A brief suspense ensued ; full well we knew
The grave result of possible defeat ;
With British pride those hours we now review,
A nation's thanks in gratitude repeat.

And though perchance your valour and success
O'ershadowed by the veldt awhile remain,
Another page of glory we possess
That tells the story of your grand campaign.



PART II.

VICTORIA.

A noble Queen has passed away
Since rude invasion spread dismay
 O'er Afric's plains ;
A ruler, blessed by Heaven's grace,
Whose memory a thankful race
 In pride retains.

In grief she bade her warriors go
To face a bold and reckless foe ;
 For well she knew,
Though just our cause before the world,
When war's red ensign is unfurled,
 What woes ensue.

Partaker of our joys and fears,
She shed a woman's bitter tears
 When trials sore
Beset her troops in fearful fray :
Their deeds she followed day by day,
 Their burdens bore.

With sad solicitude she read
Of wounded heroes ; for the dead
She wept aloud ;
Those tears became a noble mind,
That still a prayerful hope could find,
By faith endowed.

Anon she saw with glowing pride
How Roberts turned the surging tide
With wondrous skill ;
She felt the flame from land and sea
An Empire's love and loyalty
Her people's will.

Thus fortified, with zeal renewed
Her army's forward march she viewed
Afar, yet near ;
And when Pretoria fell at last
She felt the dangers overpassed
With joy sincere.

Congratulations o'er the foam
She sent, and called her hero home
To clasp his hand ;
To voice the nation's loud acclaim
That echoed Roberts' deathless fame,
In every land.

But she is gone; around her tomb
The world's lament, amid the gloom,
 Its tribute paid,
To spotless life and loving zeal,
In all that brought her subjects weal,
 And cannot fade.

The cannon booming o'er the sea,
The grand and solemn pageantry,
 The muffled bells,
Proclaimed for millions long endeared,
With lamentations deep and weird,
 The last farewells.

ACCESSIONAL.

Long live our Sovereign Lord the King !
And may his coronation bring
 We humbly pray,
A reign of concord and renown,
One flag, one brotherhood, one crown,
 Beloved alway.

Peerless amid affairs of State,
Resolved his life to consecrate
 In regal sphere ;
He walks where long his mother trod,
In simple faith and trust in God,
 Devoid of fear.

His graceful consort, may she find,
With perfect majesty entwined,
 The love we own ;
Holding aloft, for Britain's good,
The light of Christian womanhood,
 Around the throne.

May loyal subjects far and wide,
With pure environments, abide
 Robust and free ;
And sober pleasures spread abroad,
The sons of industry reward,
 Until we see

A wholesome scorn of mere pretence,
An elevating influence
 All fears restrain ;
With pure religion's guiding light,
Our inspiration day and night
 O'er land and main.

A LONG FAREWELL.

To the memory of a dear little pet boy on his return home abroad after a long visit to England.

Call now no more for me,
I cannot hear thy voice
Across the trackless sea,
And, hearing it, rejoice
To pass the leisure hours away
With thee, my pet,
And so forget
The burdens of each passing day.

I loved to take thee out
Upon my favourite walk,
To hear thy joyful shout,
Thy captivating talk;
When from the trees the "birdies" sang,
And o'er the brook
Our way we took,
And loud with song the woodlands rang.

O how thou didst enjoy,
Those rambles of delight?
Thy keen bright eyes employ
To scan each lovely sight?
How often thou didst make me stay?
Nor dare to pass
Amongst the grass
Rare treasure for a grand bouquet.

Thy little hands with speed
The “ pitty flowers ” possessed ;
Ah ! those were flowers indeed,
And ever in request ;
Yet not at random were they seized,
But with a care
Thou didst prepare
What most thy infant fancy pleased.

The daisies were thy joy,
The mayflowers thy delight ;
With which thou didst employ
The dandelions bright ;
The buttercups and clover paid
Their tribute too,
Beside the blue
Forget-me-nots that charm the glade.

Ah ! life was dear to me
With thee, my little friend !
In thy sweet company
I learnt to comprehend
How blessed, beyond the hope of self
Or all the power
That chance may shower
Is man, when, in his nobler self,

Deep rooted in the soul
Affection rules his heart,
And with its chaste control
Bids all his fears depart ;
O happy man ! when love doth deign
In sweet consent
To pitch its tent
With thee, who liveth not in vain.

Call not for me again
My lovely little boy !
I cannot ease thy pain
Or what may else annoy :
I cannot come to thy relief
To stay thy tears
Allay thy fears
And banish every thought of grief.

I often call to mind
Thy winning infant ways,
By innocence refined
Beyond my utmost praise ;
The keen remarks beyond thy years,
That used to make
All hearers shake
With honest laughter, till the tears

Moistened full many an eye
As such are wont to do
In wit's hilarity,
Which passes through and through
Their merry selves, who love to hear
Rare jokes abound,
And circle round
The welcome heralds of good cheer.

No more thy little head
In innocent repose
Empillowed on my bed;
Recurring nights disclose :
No more when day succeeds the night
Thou wakest me
With boyish glee
To frolic in the morning light

Yet do I sometimes dream
That thou art with me still :
And happy visions seem
Reality, until
I wake to seek thy little face,
And once again
Alas! in vain
Salute thee with a fond embrace.

The vernal Equinox
Again is close at hand ;
Another season's flocks
Graze in the pasture land ;
Another birthday comes to thee,
Please God with joy
My little boy !
So distant now across the sea.

I may not see thee grow
From childhood into youth
Or teach thee how to know
And reverence the Truth ;
May He Who blessed the young provide
A loving heart
To take the part,
Worthy thy little steps to guide.

Fain would I have thee still,
For every good intent ;
To cheer thy fearless will
In its development :
To teach thee how to shun the way,
And turn thy back
Upon the track
Where I myself have gone astray.

No more in accents sweet
I hear thy simple song,
No more thy little feet
Now patter all day long ;
No more thy cheerful voice I hear,
Or see thee wait
Beside the gate,
My home returning steps to cheer.

Where shall I seek to find
Another love like thine ?
Another charm to bind
My heart with chords divine ?
Another object to adore,
Beyond the price
Of merchandise,
Each passing day to love the more ?

Alas ! I do not know,
Or care not now to say,
Thy love I must forego
Since thou art far away ;
If, when another heart is mine,
Should fate's decree
So favour me,
I trust it may be true as thine.

Farewell! my love, farewell!
Heaven's blessing on thee rest;
May peace rejoice to dwell
With thee, a welcome guest;
May God illuminate the way,
And guide our feet
That we may meet,
In realms of everlasting day.

THE RIDERS OF THE STORM.

To the Officers and Crews of the *Paronia* and *Bulgaria*.

The blizzard stirs the mighty deep,
The waves are mountains high,
The mariner his course doth keep
Beneath a stormy sky;
The good ship rolls and pitches through the foam
Far out upon the sea, two thousand miles from home.

The watch is changed, and sets the sun.
But no relief is found;
The night's dread vigils are begun,
And darkness reigns around:
Upon the bridge the captain takes his stand,
A gallant salt is he, accustomed to command.

Throughout the night the blizzard's roar
Alarms the stoutest heart ;
Behind the waters close, before
Like monster jaws they part,
As though prepared to swallow ship and all,
And with a snow white foam outspread a funeral
pall.

The cargo shifts ; all help who can,
Another danger lurks !
How impotent indeed is man ?
How vain are all his works ?
It seems as though the furies must prevail,
When from the mast-head comes the welcome
shout, “A sail !”

The stranger soon stands by, anon
She safely throws a line ;
It snaps, alas ! and she is gone
Fast driving o'er the brine ;
Daylight apace departs ; the gallant crew
Still labour on like men of fearless hearts and
true.

In dire distress and lost to sight
The good ship struggles on :
Ashore they watch by day and night,
And murmur, “Is she gone ?”
And thousands sing in church that touching plea,
The sailors' hymn for all in peril on the sea.

Hurrah ! they flash the news at last,
The good old ship is saved ;
The blizzard's terrors overpassed,
The dangers all are braved ;
The shattered bulwarks, broken spars but tell,
Despite the struggle sore, the welcome "All is
well."

O Thou Creator of the Sea !
The Refuge of the Brave !
All praise and thankfulness to Thee,
Whose power alone can save ;
In calm or tempest still our hearts inform
Our sailor heroes bless—the riders of the storm.

SONNET.

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI.

So fades away the glory of the earth ;
The tale is told, man is but born to die :
As saith the preacher “all is vanity ” ;
The wide dominions of terrestrial worth,
The freaks of fortune, accidents of birth,
In idle hours may captivate the sigh
Of some unread and envious passer by,
Delay his footsteps and arrest his mirth.
Possessors and possessions must decay,
The argument of death is soon discussed :
Its stern command all mortals must obey :
And when the summons comes, as come it must,
The rich man’s soul wends its mysterious way,
Anon his mansion crumbles into dust.

SONNET.

THE LOVER'S REGRET.

The sun is hid and overcast the sky,
The young plants revel in the constant showers,
Untenanted are all the lovers' bowers,
The cuckoo stays awhile his famous cry;
Yet do I know the clouds will soon pass by
Then may I view the well refresh'd flowers,
Enjoy the more the sweet succeeding hours
That with such wondrous speed appear to fly.
Meanwhile I mourn for what will ne'er return—
The sacred love that once I thought was mine;
Ah me! a painful task was mine to learn,
No more again I fear that sun will shine,
And all in vain and comfortless I yearn
For those fond hours of intercourse divine.

LAND OF THE WESTERN SEAS !

Hail to the great Republic,
 Land of the Western Seas !
March on ye sons of progress
 To lofty destinies ;
Lo ! proudly in the offing
 The Stars and Stripes we see
The guarantee of freedom
 The flag of victory !

The Saxon sends his greeting
 To kinsmen strong and bold,
Nor fears for all the trials
 The future shall unfold ;
Unto the strong the hardships
 Of problems great and new ;
But O forget not in success
 The Beautiful and True !

The conquest brings its duties
 When vanquished are the foes,
As sure as battle spreads around
 Unutterable woes ;
Stay not the hand of mercy !
 Avoid bombastic strain !
So shall you learn true greatness
 Its choicest gifts obtain.

Land of the boundless prairie !
 Of Washington and Grant !
Beware the terror of our age
 An overplus of cant ;
Seek not in polished numbers
 Vain titles of repute,
Posterity your works shall judge
 And know them by their fruit.

What of the darksome traffic
 In negroes bought and sold ?
That now recalls in trumpet notes
 The tyrannies of old ;
What of the heartless lynchings ?
 The bloodhound's ghastly chase ?
Such deeds all gentle hopes repel
 And work untold disgrace.

Awake ! O Great Republic !
 Land of the Western Seas !
Awake ! arise ! and put away
 Such foul iniquities :
So shall the God of Mercy
 His crowning gifts bestow ;
And teach your sons and daughters all
 True happiness to know.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE SPRING.

Once more it is the merry month of May,
And in its praise I tune my humble lyre,
Forth o'er the balmy fields delight to stray,
Indulge the fancies of my pet desire ;
O sweet it is to hear the minstrel choir,
When from the trees the countless songsters sing,
Rise with the lark, and feel the sacred fire
Of peace and hope that their rich blessings bring,
To crown in splendour bright, the triumph of
the Spring.

And what a joy it is to close the week
In contemplation, soothing and profound,
That well rewards their journeyings who seek
The perfect walks that I have sought and found ;
By Finchley glades for many miles around,
O'er Dollis Brook without a thought to vex,
Through Edgware fields to classic Stanmore
bound,
Enraptured all to see how Flora decks
Thy peerless rural scenes, delightful Middlesex !

O gentle peace ! that soothes the weary heart,
I love to roam where fears no more intrude,
And only grieve the days so soon depart
Like the brief plaudits of the multitude ;
Or transitory hopes, which, when reviewed,
Excite no further care ; yet may I rise
Each happy morn with energy renewed,
And on the glowing landscape feast mine eyes
When mounts the morning sun triumphant in
the skies.

No surging crowd distracts the roving eye,
Awhile that dwells upon each pure delight,
The humble bard, with sweet philosophy,
Descends the vale, or climbs the rural height
Where beauties unexplored full well requite
His pleasing toil, and make his heart be glad ;
How blest is he who contemplates the sight
When in their glory all the fields are clad.
Amid such scenes a sphinx could look no longer sad.

There is a fragrance in the early morn
When Spring unfolds the bounties of its reign,
A priceless balm to sooth the mind forlorn,
A relaxation for the weary brain ;
With glee the birds pour forth their joyous strain
Upon the graceful hawthorn's blossomed bough,
The timid foal speeds o'er the dewy plain
And scares the wily rabbit from the plough,
To that secure retreat Dame Nature doth allow.

Loud sings the cuckoo with his double note
Unchanged as yet ; the joyful swain awhile
Forgets the value of his precious vote,
Bestows around his all-approving smile ;
His simple trust 'tis easy to beguile,
When agitators rant upon the green,
Untutored hirelings, who, with florid style,
Spin out the latest yarn ; 'tis all serene,
“ Away with Church and State, wealth, fashions,
King and Queen ! ”

Here may the city slave his freedom gain,
Though in a few short hours he must repair
To Town and Duty, mighty despots twain ;
Yes here, at least awhile, he now may share
The priceless blessings of serener air ;
Dismiss commercial cares, new troubles found
When captious Chancellors their wants declare ;
Forget the extra penny in the pound,
For on its own axis still, the old world circles round.

Here close at hand in days long since gone by,
What stirring sights historical were seen ?
Where all around is perfect harmony,
Contending hosts were marshalled on the green,
Equipped and eager for the contest keen ;
Alas ! the horrors of the civil war !
Then learnt they well what such contentions mean,
Who on the field the ruthless slaughter saw,
And raged the deadly feuds of York and Lancaster.

On Barnet's plain with dauntless courage fell
“King-making Warwick” in the great mêlée,
When shouts of triumph drowned the bitter knell
 Of martial death, like storms upon the sea
Drown their loud cries who struggle to be free;
False Clarence there the foul deserter played
To the great Earl—“The flower of chivalry,”
 Who scorned the odds against him there arrayed,
And met the soldier's death in valour undismayed.

Now as I sometimes o'er strange meadows rove
 Where, on the outskirts of a sheltered vale,
I hear the merry minstrels of the grove,
 Some ancient tomb in silence tells the tale,
“Here sleep the brave,” where now the gentle gale
 Or fragrant zephyrs frolic mile on mile;
Hard by they struggled bravely to prevail,
 But all in vain; where raged the conflict vile,
In perfect beauty now the peaceful valleys smile.

Arise ye Gods! forsake the stale routine!
 Here spend a leisure hour, and ye shall be,
If you so please, among the meadows green,
 Where Nature's gifts are plentiful and free:
Arise! escape from your monotony,
 The noisy saleroom or the tyrant pen;
The message comes to you as unto me,
 So leave the city for the flowery glen,
And view the joys of Spring, far from the haunts
 of men.

Avoid the dusty roads, where all is dry,
And let the stoic cyclist speed away,
For he must toil along the road, but I
Across the open fields prefer to stray,
And, when I choose, to hasten or delay;
Nor envy there the roadster on his wheels,
Who finds the steep ascent no paltry play,
When scorching friends do clamour at his heels
Without the breath to say what he most strongly
feels.

Across the velvet meadow paths pursue
Their evening walks, fond lovers as of old;
And in the scented vales, concealed from view,
Once more the heart's fond messages are told,
With fervent hopes that scorn to be controlled;
Responsive thus to love's enchanting call
Are captive led, the timid and the bold,
Many perchance who, at the spinsters' ball,
Amid the circling throng first met at Woodside
Hall.

Their leafy garb the trees have donned once more,
The primrose blossoms by the sparkling rill,
Nature unfolds the treasures of its store,
The young lambs frolic, playmates of the hill;
And shall not we delight to take our fill
Of vernal pleasures that refreshment yield?
Enraptured gaze upon the gems that still
In fairy glens are cunningly concealed
'Mid feathery ferns to him alone who seeks, revealed?

Hail virgin season of immortal fame !

To thee indeed untiring joys belong ;
The soul prosaic and sordid to reclaim,

Cheering the hearts of those who suffer wrong ;
Scorn not the tribute of my simple song,

Though poor it be, 'tis all I have to bring,
As on the mind affecting memories throng,

And move me now with heart and voice to sing
The praise of all that crowns the triumph of the
Spring.

O COME, MY LOVE :

O come, my Love, with me
And let us wheel away to some dear spot,

Where in felicity,
O'er flowery fields that ne'er shall be forgot,

A little while we may
In contemplation stay
Where gentle zephyrs blow, and crowds distract
us not.

Come to the woodland glade !
And hear the joyful birds that sweetly sing

With ardour undismayed ;
Where, on its peaceful course meandering,

On flows the silver stream
And, like a perfect dream,
The rustic nymphs untold enchantments bring.

The cuckoo's voice again
Reminds us all that Springtide shall not fail ;
But, on a glorious reign,
Shall wave a sceptre bright o'er hill and vale ;
The throstle's lusty song
Resounds the trees among,
And O the joy to hear the classic nightingale !

There shall we seek and find
How Flora decks the green on every hand,
Leaving dull care behind
A little more of Nature understand ;
As o'er the velvet ground
We slowly saunter round
Enraptured at the view, a scene in fairyland.

Sweet is the fairy glen
Wherein the primrose meets the roving eye ;
Far from abodes of men,
Crowned by the splendour of a cloudless sky ;
The cowslips we shall see
And golden barberry,
Our fond inspection none will dare deny.

The crowds let us avoid
That surge ahead like torrents swift and strong ;
Our time is well employed
At easy pace the country lanes along ;
Where no simoons of dust
Breed terrors and disgust,
And joyous birds outpour delightful song.

Together let us go
Where hedgerows gay transmit delicious scent ;
And it is peace to know
The great reward of leisure fitly spent ;
What time we too may hear
In stirring notes and clear,
The gallant lark that sings, high in the firmament.

She comes ! my heart's delight !
Let Nature now her glories all display,
That gratify the sight
And set the seal upon the perfect day ;
She comes ! and joy is mine
Heaven's beauty on her shine !
With hearts aglow we cycle on our way.

FORGET ME NOT.

Forget me not !
When o'er the fields delightfully you roam,
Familiar scenes of happiness and home ;
When by some well-known spot you pause,
 where I
Have loved awhile to bear you company,
Forget me not ! ah then, forget me not !

Forget me not !

When fleeting time brings festivals around,
And youthful pleasures unconfined abound ;
When friends are near and all is bright and gay,
And satisfaction crowns each passing day,
Forget me not ! ah then, forget me not !

Forget me not !

When on the Sabbath day to Church you go,
Where sweet devotions set the heart aglow ;
When you petition to the throne of grace,
The God who hears in Heaven, His dwelling-
place,

Forget me not, my love ! forget me not.

LOVE'S HAPPY DAY.

In the morning my song shall arise,
As responsive my heart shall obey
The sensation within, that in beauty outvies
The accomplishments fair that all knowledge sup-
plies,
'Tis the passion of love's happy day.

In the noontide my anthem shall be
(Though perchance many duties delay),
To the honour and praises of her, whom to see
Was to love with a love that is sacred to me,
In the sunshine of love's happy day.

In the evening my joy is complete,
 O enchantress ! believe when I say,
I would rather repine in some dismal retreat
Than forego for a moment the raptures I greet,
 In the glory of love's happy day.

THE CONFESSION.

My ever kind indulgent friend !
The birthday greeting that you send,
 Brings me this day
More pleasure than I can pretend,
 Or dare to say,

If no external signs I show,
Of dark companionship with woe,
 Perhaps 'tis well :
Yet now my chief delight below
 To you I tell.

The duties of the day are done,
The birds have gone to rest, the sun
 Is lost to view ;
All occupation else I shun,
 And think of you.

YE HAPPY REMINISCENCES.

Ye happy reminiscences ! refreshing to the mind,
From you I know that life below is captious as
the wind ;

Yet none the less, do I confess, one recollection
sweet

Doth soothe the heavy laden heart, accelerates
its beat.

Misfortune, with its myriad ills, may lay its
victim low,

And no relief assuage the grief of unexpected woe;
Yet must I say, e'en when dismay delighteth to
appal,

I find resigned when bygone days of pleasure I
recall.

O precious moments of the past ! how shall I sing
your praise ?

I must, I will recall you still, in dark oppressive
days ;

Because I feel the strong appeal to fret not nor
repine,

No less delights than those I loved may once
again be mine.

CHANTICLEER.

Thou wakest me at early dawn,
Chanticleer!

Thy thrilling notes salute the morn,
Chanticleer!

Away my dreamy fancies fly,
I rise refreshed in spirits high
When Sol triumphant mounts the sky,
Chanticleer!

Thy call bids wasteful slumbers cease,
Chanticleer!

The silver trumpet note of peace,
Chanticleer!

No foemen to the conflict spring,
No contest makes the valleys ring,
Save of the birds that sweetly sing,
Chanticleer!

But yet alas! alas! indeed,
Chanticleer!

How many fear thy voice to heed,
Chanticleer!

How many eyes have known no sleep,
That wait till night unseen, to weep
O'er griefs that cut both long and deep,
Chanticleer!

Who, when thy cry the silence breaks,
Chanticleer !

Mourn for the home that peace forsakes,
Chanticleer !

In fear the daily toils await,
Bemoan the cruel hand of fate,
When heartless want is at the gate,
Chanticleer !

What little souls in dread arise,
Chanticleer !

Where home no blest repose supplies,
Lone and drear ;

Who soon grow old beyond their years,
And find in their forlorn careers
Fair earth is but a vale of tears,
Chanticleer !

I think of such when thus thy voice
Loud I hear,
But yet it makes my heart rejoice,
Chanticleer !

Because it tutors rich and strong
The measure of a nobler song,
To help the poor, to right the wrong,
Chanticleer !

ROLL ON, O SEA!

Roll on, O Sea ! in all thy grandeur roll !

Thy lesson teach as I the while admire,
Beyond our frail humanity's control

I view thy tidal billows, and desire
No greater joy than sailing on thy breast
On pleasure bent, of perfect peace possessed.

Though with full fury round our island home

Thy breakers wild, disasters dire bestow :
The storm may lash thy surface into foam,

But all is calm and undisturbed below ;
So when misfortune breaks upon my head,
May I remember and be comforted.

'Tis duty that the wondrous works impose,

Duty, O Sea ! that regulates the tide ;
And even so where life's deep torrent flows

A like result as certain will provide ;
Though storms arise, and wayward passions
blind,
My duty done will bring me peace of mind.

MY DINGHY!

Amid the roar of London life
I must content myself awhile,
Before I may desert the strife
With thee the favoured hours beguile,
My Dinghy!

The very thought new zeal imparts
As I pursue the daily round;
Hear the sad tale of broken hearts
Where hope is fled and cares abound,
My Dinghy!

Without a friendly breeze I bear
The heat and burden of the day;
Oppression lingers in the air,
But cooling waters round thee play,
My Dinghy!

A hundred calls ashore prevail,
Yet on the flowing tide once more
I soon shall hoist the white lug sail,
And glide a phantom from the shore,
My Dinghy!

A few more days I must remain
A city slave content to be;
Till liberty is mine again,
O then I'll skim the waves with thee,
My Dinghy!

THE ANTHEM OF THE SEA.

I scorn the very name of woe
When, standing on the shore,
I see the vessels come and go,
Enjoy the merry winds that blow,
And watch the ocean ebb and flow,
Or hear its billows roar.

The boundless waves new hopes inspire
And soothing strains supply ;
When Father Neptune's dulcet choir
Awakes the soul, like some sweet lyre
At magic touch with ancient fire,
In days of chivalry.

But when the storm fiend in delight
Lets all his furies free,
And foam-tipped mountains rise in might,
Resounds like cannon in the fight,
Profound by day, sublime by night,
The Anthem of the Sea.

THE BURNING OF THE *ABYSSINIA*.

Full steam ahead, the boist'rous sea around
In spirits high, without a thought of fear,
Homeward some five score passengers were bound
Upon the steamship *Abyssinia* ;
The noon tide hour had passed, the sky was clear,
And tales were told by all who loved to dwell
On bygone days to recollection dear ;
Sweet tales of home that people love to tell :
The watch, when called meanwhile, reported “ All
is well.”

Oft had the steamer crossed the trackless wave,
Encountered storm on storm upon the sea ;
Captain and crew were vigilant and brave,
As British sailors well are known to be.
Prospective joys of great festivity
Engaged, perchance, the thought of many a mind,
Christmas was nigh at hand with all its glee,
And unaffected cheer with love entwined,
Reflection of the old glad tidings to mankind.

But hark ! what loud commotion now is heard
Upon the deck ? The captain's stern command
Resounds above the din, and at his word
The crew assemble—gallant little band,
In hours of danger proud to take their stand.

Below, the keen excitement waxes higher,
The ship is fifteen hundred miles from land ;

Equipped with all that merchantmen require,
When breaks from mouth to mouth the startling
cry of "Fire!"

Alas ! 'tis true, the cargo is ablaze,

The foe attacks that sailors only dread ;
Each salt apace the stern command obeys,

Like heroes all, heroically led.

At such a time but little can be said,

For deeds alone must occupy the crew,
Though every hope of victory be fled ;

Firm to the last will all their duty do,
Britannia's worthy sons right valiant and true.

The furnace grows apace within the hold,

The flames leap forth as if in haste to meet
The stern attack, and scorn to be controlled ;

Lo ! step by step before the scorching heat,
The gallant crew reluctantly retreat ;

All unavailing are their efforts now,
The steam pumps play in vain upon the seat

Of the devouring fire, which will allow
Short space ere all must blaze, from quarterdeck
to prow.

"Thank God it is not night," a voice exclaims,

As by the boats all stand in dumb array
Helpless to struggle with the mighty flames ;
With hands upraised, aloud the women pray

To Him Who can alone their fears allay ;
The men admit their strength of no avail,
And turn aside to launch the boats away ;
'Tis the last chance to rescue or to fail,
When lo ! a thrilling voice exclaims, "A sail ! a sail!"

Hurrah ! hurrah ! a sail ! a sail appears !
Upon the dim horizon see the smoke !
So spreads the news that brings delightful tears—
Tears that fond hearts in gratitude evoke
For safe deliverance from the fatal stroke
That wrapt the ship in flames. O what delight
In earnest benedictions instant broke
From trembling lips as each beheld the sight,
And joy succeeded woe, as doth the day the night !

Forthwith the boats are laden, and with speed
The crews push off, the sturdy oars are plied,
The *Abyssinia* looks a wreck indeed !

No more its keel will plough the ocean wide ;
The captain leaves, the last to quit its side,
And at his loss full sorrowful is he ;
Then o'er the waves with easy stroke they ride,
The refuge gain, and from great peril free
Hail with overflowing hearts the succour of the
Spree.

Full steam ahead the rescued speed again,
Upon their wants with zeal untiring wait
The faithful Germans, comrades of the main ;
Left is the burning vessel to its fate

By flames encircled, quenchless and elate ;
It fades from sight and fades for evermore
As tear-dimmed eyes its ruins contemplate :
Night's curtain falls ; the dark suspense is o'er ;
On bounds the gallant *Spree* for dear old England's shore.

At last they steam along the "silver streak,"
The old white cliffs in all their beauty shine ;
Fond eyes around familiar objects seek ;
The graceful seagulls frolic on the brine ;
The Needles passed, where many more recline,
Up the Southampton Water safely steered
The gallant *Spree* proceeds ; her crew combine
To speed the parting guests ! the way is cleared,
The powerful engines stop—the tender has
appeared.

Then heartfelt words pronounce the fond farewell,
And music sweet re-echoes far and near ;
And British hearts with deep emotion swell,
As the survivors with a shout sincere
Salute the Germans with a deafening cheer.
How sweet the triumph of humanity !
The crowning tribute of the silent tear !
So closed the stirring rescue of the sea,
And in farewell to all ; God bless the dear old
Spree.

Children of men, like ships upon the sea,
Their perils meet; some founder in the gale
Through sheer neglect; some in extremity
Of direst need fight bravely and prevail,
And sweet it is to listen to the tale:
Some trifle with the chart and strike the ground;
But O the joy to see the friendly sail,
And find a refuge from the storms around!
Rescues and wrecks ashore, as on the deep abound.
O'er life's great tide, sail on! Immortal Fleet!
Fear not though unknown breakers surge ahead:
Beyond the surf of time still waters meet,
And from the shore a fadeless light is shed,
The golden shore the just alone may tread,
The Pilot waits; to Him the helm resign
Until the dangers of the night are fled;
Beyond the dark celestial glories shine,
So bring us safe to port, O Mariner Divine!

PURITY AND LOVE.

Alone I take my walks around,
The broad expanse in peace to view,
Where flora gaily decks the ground
And all is beautiful and true;
The song of birds in carol bright
Falls on my grateful ears awhile,
Sweet prelude to advancing night
Where rural joys in splendour smile.

Yet thoughts arise within my breast
That will enforce a keen regret;
Of little pets that I caressed—
Ah! would that they were with me yet!
The tender flame let all who feel
At beauty's shrine its worth attest;
For me I care not to conceal,
I love the little ones the best.

And what a change it is, to wait
Upon their simple wants, to hear
Them call the lark at heaven's gate,
Or the young lambs that gambol near;
To countless questions answer give,
And so instruct the wond'ring mind:
Then it is more than sweet to live
When chords of love the heartstrings bind.

I know them well—the pure in heart,
And own their sway without pretence
That bids the cares of life depart;
O! for the days of innocence!
Alas! for them we sigh in vain,
Until, to reach our home above
We die, but to be born again
In purity and love.

CAPTIVITY.

O for affection's kiss,
My dreary soul to cheer !
To revel in the bliss
That conquers every fear ;
Those all expressive eyes to see,
That flash with love
As from above,
And straightway captive make of me.

O for the fond embrace,
To drive dull cares away !
To gaze on one dear face
That banisheth dismay ;
To hear the music of her voice
My name repeat
In accents sweet
That bids my heart again rejoice.

"Tis mine, that joy divine !
I ask not now in vain ;
The favoured kiss is mine,
My love supreme doth reign ;
The priceless gift bestows on me,
My fate is sealed,
To her I yield
All hail ! sublime captivity !

ALL HAIL, SWEET MUSIC!

Once more on pleasure bent we meet
In gladsome expectation;
The dear old friends we warmly greet
With heartfelt approbation;
All hail, sweet music! hail to thee!
No discord reigns,
But stirring strains
Break forth in perfect harmony.

Fond sister of the gentle muse!
Thy voice doth ever cheer us;
Though some our confidence abuse,
Or dangers hover near us;
In health or sickness, weal or woe,
All thanks to thee,
With song and glee
That voice sets all our hearts aglow.

For this we love the social hour
Wherein the heart rejoices;
When art controls in grace and power
The sound of many voices;
In fond enchantment let us be,
And loud in praise
Our tribute raise
All hail, sweet music! hail to thee!

KHAMA.

King Khama sat at the festive board,
Ladies and lords were there ;
Great wealth alone could well afford
That banquet rich and rare :
Amid a glittering throng the noted guest
What thoughts arose within the dusky monarch's
breast ?

With cool deliberation he surveyed
The gay attire that told of high estate ;
A wealth of jewels lavishly displayed
Around him shone, and massive was the
plate ;
Such gaudy show were worth a prince's boast,
But what meanwhile impressed King Khama's
mind the most ?

"What," said the hostess, "can it be?"
As Khama sat in meditative mood ;
"He never thought such beauty thus to see
The question now I'll venture to intrude ;"
Alas ! for them expectant all to find
Their studied arts forsooth ! had never crossed his
mind.

Thus Khama spoke amid profound surprise :

“ Your English lawns are velvet to my feet.
Such do not grow beneath our southern skies;
I feel a keen delight with such to meet.”

‘Twas Nature’s beauty that entranced his gaze,
But what rebuke implied the tribute of his praise ?

Undaunted still, “ What else ? ” my lady said ;

“ What else, O King, do you regard with joy ? ”
In brief suspense the monarch bent his head,
“ This plant I loved and cherished as a boy,
It seems I hold a comrade by the hand
Whose dear familiar form recalls my native land.”

SONNET.

IN MEMORIAM.

CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

(Sometimes called the Last of the Puritans.)

Farewell beloved and truly grand old man !
Ill could we spare thee from the sacred sphere
That claimed thy love and ministrations here ;
Farewell ! thou staunch and upright Puritan,
The faithful soldier, foremost in the van
Of Christian warfare ! fighting void of fear
The common enemy from year to year ;
Crowning the days with blessings as they ran.
Fought is the fight, the mortal course is run—
The tender heart, the wonder working brain
The gospel truths expound no more again ;
His great reward in Paradise is won.
Let all arise, his name aloud to bless,
The friend and father of the fatherless.

THE BACHELOR'S CONSOLATION.

A solitary life I lead,

When others round the fireside glow
Are wrapped in ecstasies indeed :

And if their raptures I forego,
'Tis not that I the less would prize
The daily quest of loving eyes.

No less than they would I rejoice,

With zeal responsive to attend
The pleadings of a little voice :

For still I own the dearest friend
In childhood innocence is found,
That scatters pure delights around.

Where duties unromantic call

I daily sally forth anew,
And oft when evening's shadows fall,
The mysteries of life review :
No wife have I, no child, no home,
A philosophic soul I roam.

And yet, despite a keen regret,

A consolation deep I find ;
At my demise no offspring fret,
Or feel thereby the bitter wind
Of cheerless want that haunts the soul,
And wields a despot's fell control.

A comfort at the last 'twill be,
To know when life's brief toils are o'er ;
No bitter scorn or treachery
Shall hover round my cottage door ;
No widow shall forlorn repine—
The world shall harm no child of mine.

THE CONQUERORS.

Oft in perplexity, sad and disconsolate,
Sullen I stand on the brink of despair ;
But a voice comes to me : " Trials on all await !
Fear not the future ! be strong, but beware ! "

What though the prospect is dark and indefinite
Hesitate never when duty commands ;
Tireless aggression puts troubles untold to flight,
Scatters the enemy's dissolute bands.

Hail to the conquerors ! though in obscurity
Garlands and trumpets proclaim not their
worth :
England hath need of them, Honour and Purity
Name them henceforward the salt of the earth.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

The faithful harvest scarce is gathered in
Than changing beauties please the roving eye,
Which views ere yet commence the leaves to thin,
Autumnal tints of great variety.

So Nature's forces in due turn proceed
The will Divine and mighty to obey ;
In spring by faith we sow the potent seed,
In autumn store the golden sheaves away.

The hedgerows then in perfect beauty glow,
Berry and leaf in sweet agreement shine ;
The setting sun's majestic rays bestow
A crowning halo, words can ne'er define.

Entwined around the homestead in delight,
The virgin creeper for the palm competes ;
Dons her best robe our praises to invite,
Ere at approaching winter she retreats.

Brief is autumnal glory ; on the hill
The trees first yield their tribute : then the vale
The self-same duty hastens to fulfil,
And soon the woodlands echo with the gale.

His friendly logs meanwhile poor Hodge prepares,
With wistful eye the coming change he sees :
His thoughtful wife her sundry wants declares,
And stores away their few commodities.

Then as the nights grow cold, the rustic sire
Finds homely joys that cheer his simple lot ;
Gathers his sturdy offspring round the fire
When wintry winds manœuvre round his cot.

Then fast indeed the work is carried on,
Accumulates the spoil upon the ground ;
Full soon the graceful foliage is gone,
And ruination spreads its cloak around.

Yet well we know 'tis Nature's wise decree,
What seems a waste, not thus in vain is spent;
Man wastes his substance, but the living tree
From seeming loss but gathers nourishment.

So we resemble leaves upon the trees
Awhile that bloom, then wither and decay ;
Like them we soon fulfil our destinies,
And through the silent valley pass away.

Apace they grow, then in profusion fall
And lay their burdens in the parent soil ;
So come the chilly blasts of death to all,
So earth to earth depart the sons of toil.

Like leaves we vanish in surrounding gloom,
But simple faith assures us when we die
Soon we shall burst the fetters of the tomb,
Clad in the garb of immortality.

LUCERNE.

Lucerne ! sweet city of the lake,
What thoughts arise when I awake
 And fix my roving eyes
Upon thy glorious expanse,
With first impressions that entrance
 The soul in ecstasies ?

Here of a truth I find a peace
That bids the commonplace to cease,
 And holds me in a spell ;
Enraptured all I soon forget,
The many cares that they beget
 Who in great cities dwell.

Pilatus rises o'er the See
In world-renowned sublimity,
 Seven thousand feet on high ;
The Rigi on the distant side,
And countless peaks on ranges wide,
 Point upward to the sky.

Above the Alps the morning sun
Proclaims another day begun,
 Arrayed in splendour bright ;
And in the glory of the morn,
The snow peaks of the Matterhorn
 Are robed in spotless white.

How sweet the sound of Nature's voice
That bids the heart of man rejoice,
 The mind forget its care ;
But O, the scene before me now
Would take a Byron's pen, I trow,
 Its beauty to declare.

My thoughts hereafter will return
From London life to thee, Lucerne !
 And meditate awhile
Upon this memorable hour
When fortune's gifts upon me shower,
 And lovingly beguile.

No rude alarms offend the ear,
But blessed are they who sojourn here,
 However short their stay ;
If such a day as this they find,
Then may they own that fate was kind
 And led them not astray.

Lucerne ! sweet city of the lake !
What thoughts arise when I awake
 Enraptured at the view ?
Soon I must pass upon my way,
Too soon, alas ! depart and say,
 Adieu ! Lucerne ! adieu !

TO THE CUCKOO.

Thy cheerful voice again I hear,
Fond herald of the Spring !
Recalling days to memory dear,
That, in remembering,
Claim the sad tribute of a sigh
Because they are no more :
Alas ! how soon the years go by,
And youthful dreams are o'er.

The shades of evening fall around,
Day is by night pursued ;
I come to hear thy welcome sound
In rural solitude ;
Sing on ! in sweet monotony
Thy dual notes of praise,
I have a great regard for thee
For love of bygone days.

Let Shelley sing the skylark's fame,
And Keats the nightingale
In perfect minstrelsy proclaim ;
Their matchless songs I hail,
And hearing all enchanted, find
A solace dear to know :
But yet the cuckoo calls to mind
The joys of long ago.

Joys of the days for ever fled,
 Of love without alloy ;
When hope a happy view outspread
 To captivate a boy ;
Joys of the playground, and the fun
 By stealth indulged ; alas !
. How speedily the sands have run
 In time's remorseless glass !

Sing on thou migratory bird !
 Child of the woodland shade !
The Spring is here when thou art heard,
 And crowns the peaceful glade ;
I fain would counsel thee to stay,
 Because to me 'tis pain
To know, a year must pass away
 Ere thou shalt come again.

THERE IS A TIME.

There is a time for all
 The things we have to do,
When those who honour duty's call
 The rightful course pursue ;
Though captious friends awhile deride,
 Or snares abound on every side.

As said the sage of old,
“There is a time to be ;”
Time to approve, a time to scold
In all sincerity;
To love, to hate, to reap, to sow,
To rest and work where'er we go.

There is a time to laugh
And so relieve the mind,
For many in a storm of chaff
Keen satisfaction find ;
Armed with a potent spell are they
Who drive with jests dull cares away.

There is a time to weep
O'er some profound regret ;
When in a final earthly sleep
A loved one's eyes are set ;
And we no more can hear the voice
That made our very souls rejoice.

There is a time to brood
O'er pleasures long gone by,
That only base ingratitude
Would willingly let die ;
In after walks of life that last
The sweet memorials of the past.

There is a time to speak,
A time to be discreet ;
A time to battle for the weak,
The wily foe to meet ;
To lend a helping hand to those
Sunk in unutterable woes.

There is a time to love !
A happy time indeed !
To coo and flutter like a dove
Upon the flowery mead ;
But O when breaks the mystic spell
Ye tender hopes ! a long farewell !

Beware ye sons of toil !
From bitter strife abstain,
Nor shuffle off this mortal coil
And think ye've lived in vain ;
He furthers most great Nature's plan
Who lives and dies an honest man.

Toil on ! be not afraid !
Sunrise to evening star,
Nor scorn the implements of trade
However coarse they are ;
The bench, the plummet, and the line
Should never make a man repine !

A time there is to leave
The scenes we love so well,
To wing our flight as we believe
In brighter realms to dwell ;
Where justice reigns and all are free
Children of immortality !

THE FUGITIVE.

Behold there rides at headlong speed
A wounded horseman from the fight,
He flings the saddle from his steed,
And waves aloft his sabre bright ;
The conquerors no quarter give,
So God protect the fugitive.

In hot pursuit upon his heels
The foemen give determined chase ;
See ! yonder rippling stream reveals
The frontier line of martial grace ;
Hurrah ! hurrah ! the feat is done,
The race for liberty is won.

With equal zeal from town and care
A daily fugitive am I ;
I flee to the congenial air
Of genuine tranquillity !
O peaceful home ! thou art the goal
Where freedom's prize delights my soul.

THE PRODIGAL.

Homeward in misery see the poor prodigal
Journeys unmindful of beauties around ;
Vows for the future ingratitude never shall
Enter his mind if forgiveness be found.

Fled his ambition, he bows in humility,
Wonders what welcome anon he'll receive ;
Shorn of ideas of great capability,
Anxious alone his great loss to retrieve.

Passed are the days of relentless severity,
Safe in his home is the prodigal son ;
Errors acknowledged with manly sincerity,
Lo ! a new era in peace is begun.

THE RURAL EXODUS.

Where is the farm we knew
And loved in days gone by ?
The sweet invigorating view,
The hive of industry ?
O rural England famed afar,
Lo ! what thy glories were, what now, alas ! they
are.

The ripening fields of gold,
The pastures rich and green
We seek in vain, but now behold
A desolated scene ;
Sterility and discord reign,
And ruination stalks attendant in their train.

And wherefore this decline
In nature's noblest toil ?
What deep and terrible design
Runs riot o'er the soil ?
Go, ask the railway magnates why
Their preferential rates our foreign food supply.

Depopulated fast,
The country sends its toll
Of sturdy sons to cities vast,
Where squalor frets the soul ;
Thus exiled from the harvest home,
For uncongenial work they now distracted roam.

No agitators they,
Else had they found redress ;
They know and love the light of day,
To perish in distress ?
No England ! but again shall stand
To honest toil restored, and cultivate the land.

THE BROKEN PEAL.

In vain I strive a joyful peal to ring,
As oft I rang with bold familiar sound ;
When hearts aglow proclaimed returning Spring,
That called the tender offshoots from the
ground.

Great flocks and herds patrolled the pastures fair,
The golden crops in turn their worth displayed ;
Prosperity rejoiced its fruits to share,
For harvest wealth the farmer's zeal repaid.

At morning prime I rang a welcome sweet,
Its echoes seemed reluctant to depart ;
I spoke in storm or sunshine, cold or heat,
A message bright to each devoted heart.

And oft I've seen the soul-enraptured swain
Escort his love, intent, ere evening's close,
To tell the dear old story once again,
In one fond breast his confidence repose.

I rang the hour of leisure and of toil,
Of welcome sport or duties far afield ;
No sportsmen planned a battue on the soil,
Or cursed the crops that reynard's flight
concealed.

But O, I loved upon the sabbath day
To ring with clash and clang, inviting all
Within the village church to sing and pray,
On kith and kin, a benediction call.

There joined the rustic throng and worthy squire
In psalm, or hymn, or supplication due ;
And children's voices reinforced the choir,
And made the most of simple tunes they knew.

The parson counselled all with accents clear,
The mercies long received in brief reviewed ;
The closing hymn rang out with praise sincere,
From overflowing hearts of gratitude.

Then homeward o'er the glebe, a gentle throng,
The happy congregation loved to stray ;
And praised awhile the throstle's lusty song,
Exchanging salutations on the way.

They come no more, alas ! and woe is mine,
I pensive brood unheeded, and alone ;
While chancellors to gold their thoughts confine,
Nor condescend to hear their brethren groan.

No more around the lowing herds are fed,
They browse no longer by the silver stream ;
The cottage homes are now untenanted,
And retrospection seems a haunting dream.

They come no more to worship strong and hale,
The sturdy sons who loved the bracing air ;
But work in towns where men grow sad and pale,
While I despondent toll a harsh despair.

No happy farmer, radiant as the morn,
Beside the font, a willing sponsor stands ;
Nor greets the gleaners by the stacks of corn,
And bids them share the fruits of nourished lands.

Nor proudly waits amid the bridal throng,
Recalling well his own bright wedding day ;
And feels a father's love, o'erflowing, strong,
What time he gives his bonny lass away.

O happy days ! I long for your return,
Which can alone our blighted hopes revive ;
My broken notes exhort all those to learn,
Who starve the land to keep the towns alive.

For desolated homes and barren years,
For comrades rudely scattered stock and stem ;
For all the woe, and all that still endears,
I ring aloud a solemn requiem.

All unconcerned, men now the harvest view,
Where worth alone was wont to cheer the heart ;
Now trusts control with computations new,
And mere manipulation rules the mart.

ERRATUM.

Page 105. v. 2, Wolf Within the Fold—"proudly"
not "profoundly."

“Pro patria” becomes a parrot cry,
“Free trade” the hustings echo, “cheaper
bread”;
Meanwhile forsaken brothers starve and die,
While foreign lands grow wealthy—bounty fed.

Awake! awake!! my country! yea, arise!
Ere darker days resistless woes reveal;
Scorn not the gifts of God before your eyes,
But learn the lesson of the broken peal.

THE WOLF WITHIN THE FOLD.

Awake from sleep and sound the loud alarm
Ye simple flocks! destruction is at hand!
Arise! let no deceit your senses charm,
The common foe withstand.

Forbear before the perjured priest to bow,
Who loves the works that wrought the wrongs
of old;
Who profoundly boasts his violated vow,
The wolf within the fold.

In strength arise! and error shall depart;
Our Church, our homes, our children shall be
free;
The broken spirit and the contrite heart
Our sacrifice shall be.

In vain they spread the sacerdotal snare,
Or reimpose confession's fatal yoke,
Or celebrate the mass, and fill the air
With suffocating smoke.

Not thus the worldly citadels are stormed ;
The gaudy show, the tinkling of a bell
Have never yet a wayward heart reformed,
Nor saved a soul from hell.

Can we forget the fight that Luther fought ?
The martyr host that perished at the stake ?
Unless it be they lived and died for nought,
For love of God awake !!

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THE MAGNETIC EAST.

When fables old beguile
The parson's holy zest,
And congregations fain would smile,
Yet strive to look impressed,
I own 'tis well a parting hymn of praise
A little while our few remarks delays.

We hear the dawn of day
Invests an Eastern sky
With grand pre-eminence alway ;
In deep solemnity
An ancient convert's attitude we see ;
An Eastern pose he favours, so must we.

And yet we know full well
The glorious orb of light
In varied ways His wonders tell
Who made both day and night ;
No less in full meridian or decline
Its rays reflect the Father's love divine.

An east wind boldly brings
Corruption in its train ;
Discomforts keen and creeping things
Broadcast o'er hill and plain ;
Contamination gloats upon the spoils,
And trembling Nature from the blight recoils.

Our churches long we know
Have been indeed designed
To face the bitter east, although
We generally find
A rectory is quite another word,
Ah ! then a southern aspect is preferred.

O simple minded man !
Rare aids to churchmen these ;
No self-accommodating plan,
No trivialities,
The saving grace to mortals can impart ;
The fount of honest worship is the heart.

No matter, east or west,
How in the grave we lie,
Or headstones north or south attest
Our last locality ;
Lo ! when Messiah calls the grand assize,
His boundless majesty shall fill the skies.

TO THE GREAT MESSENGER.

Great Messenger ! to mortal eyes unseen,
At Thine approach what searchings of the heart
Meanwhile ensue, as those attempt to glean
Some comfort small, who tremble to depart ?
The slave of wealth who lived alone for gold,
Void of compassion for his fellow men,
Fain would compound ; but finds it cannot be :
Of what avail his store of wealth untold,
To meet the soul's forlorn insolvency ?
At Thy command he leaves it there and then.

To this extent Thou art the poor man's friend,
Thou makest him at least no more a slave ;
No more he sorrows powerless to defend
His wife and offspring from the living grave
Of misery and want. No organ plays
The march for him, no, not a note resounds,
Save when the tempest whistles through the trees
Or feathered minstrels pipe their simple lays ;
No shameless prelude to his obsequies,
Along the nave with loud lament abounds.

But unto those whose daily walk is blessed
With purpose true and purity of mind,
Thy summons comes of no dread fears possessed,
Nor sorrow, save for loved ones left behind,
Do they express. The tender last farewell,
Sacred to those appointed still to roam,
Falls with the parting breath in accents faint,
Then fades away. Tolled is the passing bell,
As if to own when grief knows no restraint,
The voice of God calling His children home.

ALONE !

Alone, alone, O what it is to feel
The gentle peace where fears no more intrude ;
Where Nature loves its bounties to reveal,
And renders sweet the haunts of solitude ;

Ye fragrant groves ! your benefits I own,
'Mid rural sights
Of pure delights,
I often roam contented and alone.

The feathered songster seeks a tuneful mate,
To cheer his nest beside the meadows wide ;
And even man complains of cruel fate,
Unless in some sweet love he may confide ;
And yet, when life is o'er, to realms unknown
For weal or woe
The soul must go,
Across the mighty rubicon alone.

NO MORE !

(*A discarded lover's lament.*)

No more on me doth fortune deign to smile,
To bear my fell distress I scarce know how ;
Hope has well nigh deserted me the while,
And desolation sits upon my brow ;
O joy ! how now shall I thy loss deplore,
When thy delights encircle me—no more ?

No more in raptures, when the week of toil
Hath run its all engaging course am I,
But from the thought of leisure I recoil,
Leisure to mourn my heart's captivity ;
The pangs of trouble probe me to the core,
And happiness is mine, alas ! no more.

No more ! no more ; how bitter is the thought ?
They come no more those meditations fond ;
Yet some kind angel whispers life is short,
Exhorts me now to look the world beyond ;
Anticipation paints the golden shore,
Where love shall reign and be denied—no more.

I LOVE THEE STILL.

With painful thoughts I sigh
To see the years go by
Surcharged with ill :
But yet enchantress deign
To hearken once again
Howe'er it be in vain,
I love thee still.

Affection strong and pure
 Delighteth to endure
 With iron will ;
 Though now thy fond caress
 No more my soul doth bless
 In life's bleak wilderness,
 I love thee still.

May peace, whate'er betide,
 Attendant at thy side
 Bright hopes fulfil ;
 And each succeeding day
 Re-echo when I say,
 Come fortune or dismay—
 I love thee still.

WHEN THOU ART NEAR.

When thou art near sweet thoughts my soul possess,
 My cup of joy is full and runneth o'er ;
 And hope is robed in all its loveliness
 To reign supreme, where doubts assailed before ;
 O how can I express in words sincere
 The boundless love I feel—when thou art near ?

Mine eyes may scan some volume's honoured page ;
'Tis all deceit, I cannot read a line ;
In vain to me its charm and counsel sage
A sweeter theme, more sacred far is mine ;
In bright array what visions chaste appear ?
What perfect peace prevails—when thou art near ?

O still inspire with all thy magic sway !
Thou art alone my bright and guiding star !
The years elapsed are but as yesterday ;
But unalloyed the blissful moments are,
Wherein I feel upraised to realms above
When thou art near to bless me, O my love !

A BRIDAL SONG.

Come in the bloom of youth and innocence !
O come, my love ! in spotless robes arrayed ;
And I will roam no longer in suspense,
But live for thee and scorn to be dismayed ;
O come, my joy ! and say the sweet "I will,"
 That God above,
 Whose name is love,
May join our hearts, and perfect peace instil.

The days of Spring, how fresh and bright they are?

What hopes revive when they return to bless?
But thou canst make them more delightful far

And crown the fleeting years with happiness.
I wait for thee, the merry peal I hear,
 The sun doth shine,
 And peace is mine,
For lo! my love all faithful doth appear.

Fret not to leave the scene of bygone joys;

Parental cares so lovingly bestowed;
I have a home for thee, remote from noise
 Of London life. Secure in that abode
With pure delights our sojourn will abound,
 Our hearts the shrine,
 Of love divine,

Wherein the songs of gladness shall resound.

Come where the gentle zephyr loves to play,

And feathered songsters make the woodlands ring;

Where Nature loves to hold high holiday
 In autumn gold, or blossoms of the spring;
A simple faith our oracle shall be,
 And at thy side
 My hope! my bride!
I constant shall attend to guard and comfort thee.

MY HEART GOES OUT TO THEE.

Think not, my love ! that I can e'er forget

Those fond, bright hours, alas ! so long gone by,
When, in the days of blissful youth we met,

And peace was mine in thy society ;
Brief was the joy ; but O in visions bright
Those hours return to me !
And in the silent watches of the night,
My heart goes out to thee.

The world of toil with time-devouring cares

I must attend, nor falter in the race ;
Yet as I tread its crowded thoroughfares,
A fond remembrance there portrays thy face ;
O then what musings all my thoughts employ
In sweet philosophy ?

As with a love that time can ne'er destroy,
My heart goes out to thee.

O not in vain let thus my love appear !

Scorn not the heart that thou hast charmed
away,

Pure is its passion, steadfast and sincere,
But without thee come terror and dismay ;
Hear, O my love, once more, the solemn vow
Whate'er my destiny !

And let thine own dear self instruct thee how
My heart goes out to thee !

PLAYMATES.

O come to me my pets !
And crown the golden sunset of the west ;
I banish vain regrets
To be by mirth and innocence caressed ;
So come ! and we will play
With all the zest we may,
While summer reigns supreme, and we its worth
attest.

Bring forth the sportive ball !
And in the meadow, free from fret or care,
Let us be merry all,
With one consent a contest keen declare ;
The daily tasks are done,
The golden hour is won,
And happiness abounds, and all around is fair.

My lovely little friends !
How shall I thank you for the winsome ways
That pleasing toil attends ?
And all the music of your infant praise ?
Delightful interlude,
Where no complaints intrude,
What merriment sincere each heart awhile
displays ?

O childhood bright and free !
That gilds the darkness of our sternest fears,
 Our hope and comfort be !
Our consolation through the vale of tears !
 Bidding the weak be strong
 And breaking into song,
That melts in frozen souls the ice-bound love of
years.

Rejoice, ye spotless hearts !
Upon the threshold of life's pilgrimage ;
 Apace sweet youth departs,
And sterner cares maturing years engage
 So frolic while you may !
 And ever on your way,
Be pure delights henceforth, your God-sent
heritage.

THE PALM OF VICTORY.

(*A Tale of Whitsuntide.*)

It is the time of merry Whitsuntide !
What thoughts arise ? I feel unwonted haste
To lay exacting duties all aside
 And, like a traveller in the desert waste,
Long for a cooling draught in peace to taste.

I journey northward with profound desire,
In happy mood by no stern cares debased,
To try my hands once more upon the lyre
Amongst the cheerful homes of good old
Lancashire.

A few brief hours go by, and lo ! I stand
On old familiar ground ; rare pleasure feel
To take long-lost companions by the hand
And hear the news, nor labour to conceal
Delight or grief at tales of woe or weal.
Whitsunday passes like a fairy tale,
In haste away ; my object I reveal
Upon the morn, whatever else may fail,
To see the schools go by ; cloudless it breaks, all
hail !

Astir betimes the citizens appear,
They come to view the festal scene again ;
And all rejoice because the sky is clear
(Lo, Manchester but seldom wants for rain).
The youngsters trim, themselves can scarce contain,
As on they march while music fills the air ;
Their hearts, responsive to the stirring strain,
Beat with delight to join a scene so fair,
And now ten thousand souls are met in Albert
Square.

The trumpets cease, awhile the drums are still,
The touching words are spoken, "Let us pray"
Of Him alone Who can their hopes fulfil ;
A Father's love is asked, that He alway
Will guard His lambs that they go not astray ;
And now resounds the well-worn hymn of praise,
"All hail the power," bursts from the grand array,
Each verse a crowning emphasis displays
That loud proclaims to all, it is a day of days.

A momentary pause, and at the word
The great procession moves upon its way ;
The trumpets sound, again the drums are heard,
The silken banners wave in grand array ;
Resounding cheers the welcome warm convey
As from the square the schools in turn deploy ;
The city wears the garb of holiday,
Awhile each man accounts himself a boy,
Intent once more to keep a Whitsuntide of joy.

To lively tunes the countless bands go by,
Proudly the scholars march along the street ;
Engaged awhile in friendly rivalry,
Erect they walk and for the palm compete ;
Fond parents hail the tramp of little feet
With conscious pride as they their pets discern,
And count the moments till again they meet,
As from the service homeward all return
To rest the weary limbs, that with excitement burn.

All in their best attire the young are clad,
The festive muslin spotless as the snow
Abroad is seen, and simple hearts are glad
That vagrant joys but find on earth below ;
For not alone from whence home comforts grow
As years advance and staid discretion comes
With steps reluctant, are those children, No !
But also from the haunts where hope succumbs,
Frail offspring of the poor that populate the slums.

Alas ! for them the week will soon be passed,
Far, far too soon the pentecostal feast
Of welcome pleasures lovingly amassed,
Beloved the more the numbers are increased,
Will run its course. O that for them at least
Some vestige of its bounty might be found
Within their reach when Whitsun sport has ceased,
Some relaxation from the dreary round
That warps their sunless lives where dark despairs
abound.

Throughout the week what frolics on the green
Will these enjoy ? What times by rail or road
As only those can picture who have been :
When wagons creak beneath the noisy load
Of merry souls that seek the blest abode
Where Spring delights bid all their hearts rejoice ?
There, creature comforts lavishly bestowed
Command their praise, who seldom have the choice
To hear the gentle sound of Nature's cheerful voice.

And still they come with joyful hearts and true,

As fondly on the past my memory dwells,

Recalling happy days, alas! so few

Bright as the music of the wedding bells ;
I knew not then the pathos of farewells,

The loneliness of soul that comes to all !

What tales the book of retrospection tells ?

With scenes of youth its pages long enthral,
And conjure up the past, as with a trumpet call.

Long years ago, like them, I did enjoy

The school excursions in the self-same style,

Felt the supreme excitement of a boy,

And laughed aloud at incidents the while
That now would scarce provoke a single smile.

O happy days ! how speedily ye fled !

O years wherein an ell appeared a mile !

How scattered now life's varied paths we tread,
How many of those friends are numbered with the
dead ?

Who but recalls the days in Heaton Park,

With games galore and stalls on every hand ?

The bold initials cut on many a bark

With deep design attention to command ?

Flirtations, too, so innocently planned ?

Ah ! me, those scenes I never shall forget ;

Then sunshine reigned triumphant in the land,

Our hearts were young, nor had we cause to fret,
The close of day alone inspired a keen regret.

O what it is in childhood to be blest
With strong digestion? else in Whitsun week,
How many would indeed be sore distressed
Who so indulge the gormandising freak?
Who stuff, forsooth, till they can scarcely speak,
Yet count it fun their little all to spend;
Their elders deem a mercenary clique
Who dare presume discretion to commend,
On wayward heels, alas! commanded to attend.

In vain discretion! resolutions vain!
No time like this of all the spending year
Indulgence ne'er is harder to restrain,
“Boys will be boys,” the inference is clear;
The tempting sweets, the famous nettle beer,
Ice creams so cool that please the longing eyes,
No sooner sold, apace they disappear
Amid the clamour of competing cries
From lusty throats that tell of sturdy enterprise.

Beside the fluttering canvas there close by,
Behold! Aunt Sally all erect and staid!
In turn what crowds essay the doubtful shie,
Unmindful of remarks impromptu made.
By unsuccessful efforts long delayed,
The bold, undaunted, learn the certain aim;
The stick strikes home! the grand reward is paid;
Then all aglow with temporary fame,
The victors quit the spot to seek some other game.

Short space beyond, what keen excitement reigns ?

Loud grows the din, the crowd is larger still ;

" Knock off the milky cocoanuts," in strains

Of wondrous power resounds along the hill ;

Shot after shot is showered with a will ;

Though many miss and wonder how they fail,

Others contrive their object to fulfil ;

Proud of the fact that doughty deeds prevail,

Carry the trophies home and tell the welcome tale.

Meanwhile, the elder scholars, where are they ?

The teachers, too, who labour long to bring
Their simple classes, on the Sabbath day,

To know the truth in life's engaging spring ;
To keep their little feet from wandering

In thorny paths where snares beset the soul ;
And teach them how to simple faith to cling,

That they may love as on the seasons roll,
To exercise withal a perfect self-control ?

Yes, where are they ? and wherefore are they gone ?

At rounders see ! how now with one consent,
The old familiar spot they play upon

. And race around until their breath is spent ;
But O the sport ! to see the merriment

What time the kissing ring goes round apace !
The girls, how shy they seem, how diffident !

But all in vain, the sly averted face,
The more the kisses rain, nor seem they out of
place.

But soon the brazen signal loud is heard,
The cart arrives with boiling cans of tea ;
The grace is sung, and, at the welcome word,
The scholars seat themselves right joyfully.
Lo ! the repast so bountiful and free,
The countless plates of cake in loud request ;
Now oft replenished, 'tis a sight to see !
Kind hands refill the cups with loving zest,
Nor scold impatient boys, nor scorn the simple jest.
With heart and voice resounds the hymn of praise,
Thanks unto Him, from whom all blessings
flow ;
The band, refreshed, a bright selection plays,
The young again disperse, away they go
Another brief half-hour's delight to know.
Their elders, more discreet, at leisure roam,
And some, unseen, a life-long love bestow,
With all the triumph of the mystic gnome.
But hark ! the martial air, the school is marching
home.
Confiding lovers ! haste ye now away,
The happy day draws quickly to its close ;
Ah ! even as perchance, you still delay,
Your bosom friends the reason presuppose ;
Fond youth ! your passion well the charmer knows,
Forbear exaction ! spare the glowing cheek
'Tis well for you, as time's deep current flows,
If still remains the love that now you seek,
Unfading when life's road is comfortless and bleak.

Fond recollection thus those scenes recalls
The distant landmarks in life's pilgrimage ;
And they at least remain, whate'er befalls
Along the highways of maturer age ;
'Tis well we know not each succeeding stage,
Or the dark shadows quickly gathering—
Else would we fear the battle to engage,
And lose the lessons of returning Spring,
Nor know the victor's grand triumphant song to
sing.

Meanwhile apace the tireless tramp proceeds,
The sailor boys call forth prolonged applause ;
Destined anon to emulate the deeds
Of mighty Nelson in our future wars,
O may they fight in no unworthy cause ;
We hail them now the children of the brave,
Proud of Old England and fair freedom's laws ;
So may they prove in danger strong to save
Britannia's worthy boast, the heroes of the wave.
And now the shoe-black boys appear in sight ;
They come so trim, in scarlet coats arrayed,
Their welcome, too, is ever warm and bright,
With endless cheers a merry din is made ;
Awhile the wonted progress is delayed,
The nimble coppers scattered at their feet
They swiftly gather like a bold brigade ;
On all fours scramble in the market street
While gathering plaudits still their smart successes
greet.

And now God speed ! ye gladsome little hearts !

A long farewell our hope of future fears !

The moving scene its music sweet imparts,

And drives away the gloom of former fears.

Long shall the echoes ringing in mine ears

Recall this day, wherein I truly find

A heartfelt joy ; the pageant disappears !

Yet still I linger pensively behind,

And think on bygone years with youthful love
entwined.

Well pleased the crowd now labours to disperse,

I, too, must go, reluctant still to leave,

Within the measure of my simple verse

Intent a message thus to interweave,

With purpose true the children will believe ;

To-day in peace their footsteps onward press
In keen delight, no thought have they to grieve,

A light to light them in the wilderness,

That they may seek and find I thus them all
address.

Amid the countless cares of mortal life

O still preserve an inoffensive mind !

That unafraid where snares abound and strife

A veritable stronghold ye shall find ;

Fear not the blinding storms, the winter wind !

Be strong ! from all contamination free !

When dawns the perfect day—with souls resigned

The King in all His glory you shall see,

And at His hands receive the palm of victory.

VALEDICTION.

Aghast ! at prime of life he stands
And counts the news some awful dream,
Wherein all helpless are his hands
And hopes departed seem.

His labours wanted now no more,
The wage of honest toil is fled ;
Dismay knocks loudly at his door,
And hovers round his bed.

Long years of faithfulness in vain,
The pathos of life's drama plead ;
The character without a stain,
The darksome hour of need,

For naught avail, amid the gloom
That now encircles heart and home ;
Too true the toiler's early doom,
Distracted he must roam.

Powerless or negligent his friends,
The so-called friends of yesterday !
Forlorn and sad, he slowly wends
His melancholy way.

“ Too old at forty ”—this they said,
The callous hounds that rend his breast ;
O Giver of our daily bread,
Remember the distressed !



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